

Fretblanket

"Got to Get Mine"

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[KLC]

Say that there.

Yeah, this one's going out to all the players worldwide.

Tryin to have thangs there.

And I don't know about ya'll man but looky here.

And I'm tryin to have lil' something.

I ain't depending on nobody.

I'm going out there and gettin' it myself, ya dig?

[Mo B. Dick]

So many people are shyesty, you can't trust no one

Back in the day we were fighting, today we're packing
guns

It's just like crabs in a barrel, a dog eat dog world

Brothers be killing each other, because there gone on
that furl

I can't go out like a sucker by using excuses

Cause I'm bout making some money, vacations and
cruises

That's why I got to get mine

I got to get mine

I got to get mine

I got to get mine

[Mo B. Dick]

I want my piece of the pie, it's the american way

That's why I'm constantly hustling cause I'm trying to
get paid

I like to ride in my Caddy like a down south hustler

And I keep my hand on my (ugh) for all of you bustas

Cause I do what I gotta do, to make a dollar

In other words it's all about survival

And only the strong can survive

They cause the days the people got to struggle

But ain't no way because I keep a hustle

And it always stays on my mind

[KLC]

I gotta do what I gotta do ahh

Because money is my cousin that why fools get played

by the dozen
I gotta get mine just like you have ta get yours
On that blese for my boys when No Limit is on tours
But fool around, my beginning have ends to me
Put shoes on my feet, my family have to eat
Now there's one way to do at it there
So I go back there, now believe that there
I gotta make this money, can't be flossin', so don't play
me close
Cause I be cruising in my inferno on the golf coast
The greed in me wants it all
So everybody strip to your drawers
I want it all some one's gonna fall
If there's a will there's a way to make it paper chase
Because the color of money don't have a race
Gotta get it, every penny that you earn
So don't get burned, I'm out, bullet ain't over, I shall
return

[Mo B. Dick]

Rollin' over seas pushin' eighty eight keys
This like a disease, cause I gotta have cheese
I'm rollin' on T's and B's, where the C's
I'm a dog, got fleas, ch-ch-ch-ch-cheeze
With the beats by the pound fool, we coming down
Surround by sound, I'm represent the T town and that
uptown
Where players hustle for a living, get in where you fit in
Like you short off the pimp

I got to get mine (Gotta get, gotta get, gotta get mine)
I got to get mine (Gotta get, gotta get, gotta get mine)

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